CHICAGO'S BOARD OF TRADE.

It is Stampeded by a Maniac with a Pistol.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—A fusilade of bullets was fired into the wheat pit on the Board of Trade about noon.

The traders were scattered in a hurry, business came to a standstill and the wildest excitement ensued.

A. N. Bennett, broker, received a frightful wound in the neck; Charles Roswell, telegraph operator, was shot in the chin, shattering the whole face. Both men will die. A woman in the spectator's gallery was also said to be wounded, but the report proved unounded.

The shooter was a red-headed man in the gallery.

He was quickly overpowered and taken to the Secretary's office. He is supposed to be insane.

The shooter gained access to the visitors' gallery a few minutes before the tragedy.

He fired five shots at random into the pit.

Bennett is Secretary of the Board of Trade Mutual Benefit Association, and a prominent member of the Board.

The man after being taking in charge by the police gave the name of Cassius Belden of 365 La Salle avenue, Chicago. He is undoubtedly a maniac.

The shooting caused the wildest stampede on the floor and the panic stricken, brokers dashed for the exits, creating a jam which threatened to become serious for an instant.

The sound of shots and the hurrying out of the Board habitues notified the outsiders that something unusual had transpired, and in a few minutes thousands had gathered in and around the big building, and the utmost excitement prevailed for a time.

The prisoner, after reaching the police station, asked to see a reporter. He said he was a carriage painter by trade, and told a long, rambling story about having been hypnotized by a man named Jones, three years ago, and having been under hypnotic influence ever since. He at last reached an exalted stage. He declared it had been a hard struggle for bread; but when they began to sell his soul on the Board of Trade he resisted. They had already sold his two children in Philadelphia, where he says he has a wife.

He was dressed as a laboring man.

It appears a woman was wounded after all—Mrs W. W. Lewis of Titusville, Pa.

She was one of the spectators in the other gallery and started down stairs as soon as the shooting began. The last bullet glanced and struck her in the back, causing a flesh wound, from which she fainted and was removed from the building. At first it was supposed she had fainted from fright merely.

GLADSTONE SPEAKS.

Edinburgh's Great Reception to the Premier.

EDINBURGH, September 27.—Gladstone arrived here at 4:30 P. M., and was met at the railway station by the Reception Committee. He was escorted to Albert Hall, the place where he was to deliver his great home-rule speech, the hall being close to the railroad station.

The neighborhood of those two points and the road between were jammed with people. So thickly was the crowd packed that several fainted while the cheering and rushing were going on.

Upon entering Albert Hall with his wife and daughter, the Premier received a rapturous reception.

The moment the audience saw the Premier entering the hall every man and woman rose to their feet, waved hats and handkerchiefs in the air, and burst out singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

When Gladstone had been introduced to the representatives of Midlothian, and was able to commence his speech, the cheering lasting some minutes after he had bowed to the assemblage. He began his remarks in a loud, firm voice that was heard in every part of the hall, in which perfect stillness reigned.

In the early part of the speech he gave no indication of his intention to make the long-expected attack upon the upper House. He began by saying he hoped for some Scotch legislation before the end of the year, which would be of benefit to Scotland at large and the poor cottagers in particular. "The Irish question," continued Gladstone, "barred progress in that direction, and it was only just to say the Lords were responsible for the fact that this barrier was still remaining." Continuing, Gladstone said: "The question of home rule for Ireland was coming rapidly upon them, and he hoped, should at any time the occasion arise for soliciting their votes, they would be given in a way not to undo or dishonor the commanding strength of Liberalism in Midlothian. (Loud cheers.)

COLORED REPORTS.

News From Rio Not of a Reliable Character.

PARIS, Sept. 28.—A private cable from Rio Janeiro from American sources, denies the rebel warships were silenced by the fire of the forts, and declares the position of the rebel ships is such that the forts could not reply without the peril of damaging Rio, and that the forts' ammunition is so reduced they are compelled to save what little munitions they have to repel attacks on the forts themselves. It asserts that all the dispatches so far are colored either in behalf of the Government or the rebels. The only hope to Rio is in the intervention of the foreign warships Great Britain has cabled its representative for facts, and on this report will depend the action of the British war vessels there.

BOMBARDMENT RESUMED.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—A private cable says the rebel fleet resumed the bombardment of Rio de Janeiro this morning.

CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

SCENES IN CHARLES READE'S NOVEL WERE STRICTLY TRUE.

The Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend" Described Thrilling Punishments of Prison Life That Really Took Place In an Old English Jail.

What reader of Charles Reade's ever popular novel, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," has not been touched by the intensely thrilling stories of prison life contained in it and felt deep sympathy with the poor sufferers whose terrible experiences are so vividly told? No one, we would assert. The story reads like a highly colored fiction, yet every word of it is absolutely true.

Very few people may be aware that this celebrated book was founded on the cruelties practiced in the Birmingham jail in the years 1852 and 1853. Indeed, the original of the character of Evans, the humanitarian, still lives, and in fact is even now in the service of the prison authorities. He is Mr. William Brown, the chief warden of Winson Green jail, Birmingham, and many times he has been offered a large remuneration to appear on the stage to play the part of himself in an adaptation of Reade's brilliant novel.

His story is indeed a sensational one and forms a wonderful chapter of prison life in the fifties, and also contrasts in a striking manner the treatment of prisoners now adopted.

In 1852 Lieutenant Austin was appointed governor of Winson Green prison. He had formerly been in the navy, and in that service had forced himself to the conclusion that discipline was everything. He took a delight in severe punishment and considered that a breach of prison discipline was a crime almost greater than that for which a prisoner entered a jail. He pinned his faith to constant threats of punishment and an almost perpetual use of those barbarous tortures, the collar, straitjacket, dark cells and crank labor.

It was in 1853 that the public first had their suspicions aroused that cruelties of a gross character were being practiced in the Birmingham jail. In that year a 15-year-old boy committed suicide in order to escape tortuous punishment. The facts that came out at the inquest highly incensed the inhabitants.

It was proved beyond doubt that straitjackets were constantly used as punishment for the smallest offense, such as the inability of a prisoner to fulfill the amount of crank labor set him, or for talking to another prisoner, or for using bad language.

These jackets were provided with perfectly rigid collars 13 inches long, 3½ inches deep and one-quarter inch thick. The prisoner was first muffled in the jacket, with his arms tied together on his breast, and then strapped so tightly at the back that it was impossible to insert a finger between the strap and the flesh. The leather collar was then fastened on in such a manner that it cut the chin and neck and prevented any movement of the head. Then the prisoner was fastened up to the wall of his cell in a standing position. This punishment was terribly painful, and yet it frequently lasted for hours, and on occasions boys of 15 were kept in such positions from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night!

Very often they fainted and were then brought round by a liberal application of water, which was thrown on them from buckets.

The prisoners in this position were fed by a warden, who broke up the bread and placed it in the prisoner's mouth. Sometimes, however, the collar was so tight that a prisoner could not swallow bread or water.

Among the labor boys had to perform was the turning of a crank handle with a 10 pound pressure upon it for 10,000 revolutions between sunrise and night. So many revolutions had to be made before breakfast, so many before dinner, so many before supper. If the required number was not completed before breakfast, no breakfast; if not completed before dinner, no dinner; if not before supper, no supper, so that a weakly man or boy would go a whole day without food, and would think himself lucky if at 10 o'clock at night he got eight ounces of brown bread and a pint of water.

During the whole of the time these abominable cruelties were being practiced, the chaplain and Mr. Brown were doing their utmost to relax the terrible prison discipline adopted by the harsh governor. They worked together with a will, and many, many times have prisoners fallen on their knees in thankfulness for timely succor which had been rendered them.

At length, at the demand of the inhabitants of Birmingham, a royal commission of inquiry was held to inquire into the truth of the allegations. The whole of them were found to be true.

One particularly pitiable case was that of a boy named Edward Andrews, about whom, in the name of Josephus, Reade gives a true and heartrending account. Mr. Brown has a vived recollection of this poor boy. He was sent to jail for three months for stealing four pounds of beef. He was very weak, but was notwithstanding put to the crank.

One day the chaplain, Mr. Sherwin, was attracted to the boy's cell by cries of "Murder!" He found the boy crying piteously, and he said he was being starved. He was in the straitjacket at the time, and the chaplain tried to insert one of his fingers between the collar and the boy's neck, but failed. Mr. Brown happened to be passing at the time, and he slackened the straps on his own responsibility and greatly relieved the little sufferer.

Several times after this the boy was punished by order of Austin, and on many occasions buckets of water were thrown over him. Once Brown found the boy strapped to the wall, and on being released he fell to the ground insensible. On April 27 he put an end to his sufferings by committing suicide in his cell.

Austin was afterward tried at Warwick assizes for his diabolical ill treatment and was sent to jail for three months.

He is now, like the majority of the actors in this dreadful drama, dead, but Mr. Brown still officiates as the chief warder in the prison and takes a most kindly interest in any prisoners who are desirous of reforming themselves.—London Tit-Bits.

Songs of the Roustabouts.

It was a grand sight to the small boys of Lexington to see the deckhands swaggering along one at each end of a coal box and 50 men in line carrying coal to the bunkers of such boats as the F. X. Auberg, James H. Lucas, Polar Star and Clara, and if they were negro hands singing only as negroes can sing, or as they could in those days. The coal was carried aboard at night by the light of the pine knot fire, and the small boy sat around and caught the words of a new song. The boys got their songs in those days from the circus and the steamboats. The "border boys" had but two ambitions—one was to cross the plains and be a "wagon boss," and the other to be a steamboat captain.—St. Louis Letter.

TAKEN FOR THE MURDERER.

Julian Ralph's Narrow Escape From a Dangerous Situation.

Once, when I was investigating the horrible and even yet mysterious murder of a young girl in a New Jersey village, I was taken for the murderer by her relatives, whom I could not blame, for they were ignorant, wrought up to an ugly pitch and suspicious of every stranger who came upon the scene. The girl had been buxom and pretty, and yet it must have been a stranger who slew her, they thought, for none who knew her could find it in his heart or in his nature to attempt to wrong her. In the course of a search of the neighborhood I visited the home of the afflicted family more than once, and on the last occasion was invited in to see the body. As I could not judge what manner of girl she had been without seeing her, I went in. Her three grown up brothers were there, and as I stood beside the coffin one returned to the door of the room, closed it and put his back against it. The others then attempted to carry out a project they had cherished, but concealed, which was to have me touch the body in order that they might see whether blood flowed from the wounds, according as an old superstition holds that such dumb mouths will accuse a murderer. At the moment I would not have done as they wished for a fortune.

"Put your hand on her," said one.

"I will not."

"Touch her with your hand. You must, I tell you," said another.

"You cannot get away. Touch her."

They were terribly in earnest.

"I will do nothing of the sort," I said, and then I made a very short, but very earnest speech, in which I explained who I was and how easily they could satisfy themselves about me. "And now," said I, advancing to the door, "stand aside and end this folly—quick!"

He obeyed, and in an instant the air of outdoors tasted almost as sweet as anything that I ever drew down my throat.—Julian Ralph in Scribner's.

Appreciating the Country.

It is said that we never learn to appreciate any blessing fully until we have been deprived of it. A boy who had been accustomed from infancy to the pure spring water from the granite hills of New England was sent to school at a distance from home where the water was impregnated with minerals and had a brackish taste. He said that he had never realized before that there was any real pleasure in drinking a glass of cold water, but he suddenly came to the conclusion that it was the greatest luxury in the world, and that for months he used to wake up in the night and lie awake thinking how he would drink when he got back to his father's well. He felt as if he could spend two or three days on his first return doing nothing else.

People who have always lived in the country have little of that keen relish for its pleasures which one experiences who has been for months or perhaps for years shut up in the city. The inhalation of the pure air, the chance to walk on the soft ground instead of the unyielding stone pavement, the songs of the birds, the shade and the blossoms of the trees, the humming bees, the piping frogs, all the myriad forms of life and beauty peculiar to the country—it is only the tired, long confined denizen of the city who fully enjoys and appreciates them. When he escapes into the country, he feels translated as it were to a new and delightful state of existence.—New York Ledger.

The Hundred and Fifty-first Psalm.

Your Bible, if it is of the regulation sort, closes the book of Psalms with the one hundred and fiftieth. In the Greek Bible, however, there is another, entitled "A Psalm of Daniel after he had slain Goliath." Athanasius praises it very highly in his "Synopsis of the Holy Scriptures." It was versified by Apollinarius Alexandrius, A. D. 360, and a Latin translation of it may be found in the works of Fabricus. The English translation is by Baring-Gould, the well known antiquarian:

PSALM CLI.

First—I was small among my brethren, and growing up in my father's house, I kept his sheep.

Second—My hands made the organ and my fingers shaped the psaltery.

Third—And who declared unto my Lord. He, the Lord, he heard all things.

Fourth—He sent his angels and they took me from my father's sheep. He annointed me in mercy from his unction.

Fifth—Great and goodly are my brethren, but with them God was not well pleased.

Sixth—I went to meet the (giant) stranger, and he cursed me by all his idols.

Seventh—But I smote off his head with his own drawn sword, and I blotted out the reproach of Israel.

—St. Louis Republic.

An Honest Gas Meter.

The penny-in-the-slot system has been applied very successfully to gas meters in several large English cities. In its latest form the meter has three dials, marked "£. S. and D.," and no sooner has a penny been dropped into the slot than the hand of the "D" dial records it. When 12 pennies have been dropped in, the "D" dial stands at "0," while the hand on the "S" dial records that one shilling's worth of pennies are in the drawer, and so on until £20 worth of gas has been paid for. The hands can only move one way, so that the householder practically gets an indisputable receipt for the pennies he puts into the slot and the total amount he has paid for his gas. An indicator shows how many feet of gas are "paid for but unconsumed."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Importance of Small Things.

Small things are sometimes very important factors in the lives of men and of nations. A chance word spoken unintentionally has often resulted in differences between rulers that have led to the overthrow of kingdoms. A mere act of ordinary kindness has been known to change what appeared to be the destiny of a man from a wretched and ignominious death to life with opportunity to make life glorious, and all within the short space of an hour.—Harper's Young People.

Nature's Protection For the Ear.

The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which rapidly fall away, thus removing with them any particle of dust or other foreign matters which may have found entrance to the ear.

She Looks For a Change.

A Boston professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said:

"Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will no longer be Miss B."

"I really hope I sha'n't," demurely responded the girl, modestly casting down her eyes.—New York Ledger.